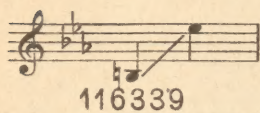


No.1 in C minor

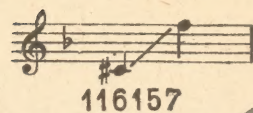


ARTHUR BLIGHT

BARITONE

STUDIO: TORONTO CONSERVATORY  
OF MUSIC

No.2 in D minor



DEDICATED TO AND SUNG BY MR. HERBERT WITHERSPOON

*Chicago Musical College  
1919*

# ETHIOPIA SALUTING THE COLOR

*Arthur Blight*

## SONG

The Poem by

## WALT WHITMAN

The Music by

# H. T. BURLEIGH

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# Ethiopia Saluting the Colors

Words by  
WALT WHITMAN

Music by  
H. T. BURLEIGH

Tempo di marcia (♩ = 116)

Piano *p*

*f*

*mf* *ritenuto* *rit.* *tempo I*

*mf*

"Who are you, dusk-y wom-an, so an-cient, hard-ly hu-man, With your

*mf*

*ritenuto* *rall.*

wool - ly white and tur-ban'd head, \_\_\_\_\_ and bare \_\_\_\_\_ bo - ny \_\_\_\_\_ feet?

*ritenuto* *rall.*



*tempo I<sup>o</sup>* *poco rit.*

Why ris - ing by the road - side here, Do you the col - ors

*tempo I<sup>o</sup>* *poco. rit.*

*dim. e rit.* *p*

greet?" "Who are you, dusk - y

*f tempo* *p dim. e rit.*

*Più mosso*

wom - an?" ('Tis while our ar - my lines Ca - ro - li - na's sands and pines,

*Più mosso* *mf*

*cresc.*

Forth from thy hov - el door — thou Eth - i - o - pia com'st to me,

*cresc.*



*f*

As un - der dough - ty Sher - man I march tow'rd the sea.)

*f*

*mf*

*sfz*

*p languido*

"Me, mas - ter, years a hun - dred since,

*Andante*

*dim. e rit.*

*p*

from my par - ents sun - der'd,

*p*



*rit.* *meno mosso* *p*

sun - der'd, A lit - tle child — they caught me as the sav - age

*Moderato*

beast is — caught; — Then

*Moderato* *p*

hith - er 'cross the sea — The cru - el slav - er brought



me

*f* *Tempo I?* *mf* *rall.*

*f* *rit.*

"Me a lit-tle child the cru-el slav - er brought."

*p* *colla voce* *rit. e dim.*

*f* *tempo* *rit. e dim.* *pp* *Tempo I?*

*mf*

No

*f* *p*



fur-ther does she say — but lin-ger-ing all the day — Her

*marcato*

high-borne tur-ban'd head she wags, — and rolls her dark-ling eye,

*ritenuto* *rall.*

*ritenuto* *rall.*

And court'sies to the reg-i-ments the gui-dons mov-ing

*a tempo* *cresc. e rit.*

*a tempo* *cresc. e rit.*

by,

*f* *Tempo I*



*Quasi Recit.*

“What is it, fate-ful

*animandosi* - - - - *f*

wom - an, so blear hard - ly hu - man? Why wag — your

*cres* - *cen* - *do*

head with tur - ban bound, yel - low, red and

*rit.*



*p* *Moderato Sentito* *mf*

green?— Are the things so strange— and mar-vel-ous

*p* *mf Moderato*

*p* *p*

you see, or have seen, or

*dim.* *pp* *mf*

*rit.* *p*

have— seen?"

*rit. e dim.* *pp a tempo* *ppp* *perden.*



# The Grey Wolf

Words by  
ARTHUR SYMONS  
(By Special permission)

Music by  
H. T. BURLEIGH

Moderato

Voice

Piano

*f*

*Quasi recit. f*

The

*8va*

grey wolf comes a - gain! I had made

*f*

*sfz*

*p*

fast the door with chains: how has the grey wolf pass'd my

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Most respectfully dedicated to Signorina Lucrezia Bori

# Just You

Words by  
MADGE MARIE MILLER

Music by  
H. T. BURLEIGH

Andante cantabile

Voice

Piano

*p*

*espressivo*

*p*

What are my

thoughts to-night? They're of you Where is my heart to-night?

Gone with you Where is my hope to-night? It's in you

*mf*

*poco rit.*

*mf*

*poco rit.*